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CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

taken from Stuart's painting, and conveys to the mind an impression of Washington as the Father of the Nation rather than as the Commander-in-chief of the Army. Indeed the scroll in the right hand, in connection with the cloak wrapped about the figure, seems to indicate the intention on the part of the artist to embody all his attributes of Statesman, Soldier, and Warrior, as a specimen of workmanship it is undoubtedly the first in this country.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

The consumption of sugar is distributed very differently from its production. France produces more sugar than it consumes, though it is a large importer of tropical sugars. The United States consume nearly one-third more sugar than they produce. Assuming 1,600,000 tons to be the annual consumption of the civilized world, the following table will convey a rough idea of the relative consumption and production of certain leading countries:

The world contains sugar-producing countries which have never been considered in the reports of political economists. China is a very large producer of sugar, though thus far it has exported but little. It is possible that the changes which recent events are producing in the commercial relations between China and Europe and America may lead to an exportation of Chinese sugar.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

Again, as to our Navy. Whether any blame may legitimately be imputed to it, is venerable Mr. Toucey, with the sanction of public life before him, to say. He says that it is certain that it is that about one half the navy is unfit for service, and quite a number of others are warring their sails in a sublime, useless manner on the coast of Spain. He says that the discoveries of modern science to improve the navy. England and France have both been building scores of gun-boats, propelled by steam, drawing six to eight feet of water, and carrying a battery of six to ten heavy guns. France has built a frigate, called an Iron, which no cannon-ball can damage, and has ordered ten more on the same model. England has built another iron-armed frigate, as invulnerable as the first, and has ordered ten more on the same plan to build more such craft. Meanwhile the Government of the United States does not seem to conceive that naval science has made any progress in the past ten years, and has proposed the construction of an iron-armed ship like

In England circulating libraries frequently purchase five hundred copies of a popular book. Mudie, the proprietor of the leading circulating library in London, takes often hundred copies of a new novel. His library is so large that he has never answered his proposer's question. He has several thousand subscribers at a guinea a piece. For their guinea (say \$5 12) these persons read every thing that is worth reading in the book literature of the day: more good books than any one individual could read. He has a few hundred copies of the new novel, which he expended annually in the purchase of books. But in order to retain these subscribers, Mudie must have a large number of copies of each popular work, so that each may have a chance of getting it for his week or fortnight. Hence the wholesale purchase of books. In this country the circulating and circulating libraries is

WE have to thank Hon. JOHN COCHRANE, M.C., for public documents.

THE LOUNGER.

Bacon was intellectual and politically ambitious. He loved power and place. He saw serenely the public welfare, and steadily pursued it. But he was a political philosopher, by Mr. Dixon's own showing, rather than a great statesman. He served a little and mean master, and was politically ruined by little and mean men. Let it be enough, as we close this bright and fiery book, that he was not little and mean himself.

BREAKING UP

It was very clear that the river might break up at any moment; for although, on Thursday night at Albany, the mercury marked twenty-nine de-

To Troy the streets that open upon the river are full of people watching, and wondering how high the water will rise, and what the water will do. The stream is a torrent of broken, rolling ice, slipping swiftly, and smoothly along. If all is clear below, all will be right. But if the water and the ice should be set back, there will be a terrible destruction of property. So sudden, so almost instantaneous is the breaking up of the river. Yesterday trusted like the earth; to-day as treacherous as the air. Yet every year, of all the thousands who use the frozen river as a turnpike, scarcely a life is lost in the sudden breaking up.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

On the 24th of December, 1903, Jean Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul of France, was married by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore to Elizabeth Patterson, in the presence of witnesses and according to law. News of the interesting event was sent to France; but nobody was sufficiently interested to protest, and the year 1894 passed without complaint from any side. But when the First Consul expanded into the Emperor, he was determined to have no foreign plebeian taint in the imperial blood, and he compelled his mother to declare that her consent had not been asked, while he wrote brother Augustus to inform Mrs. W. M. Patterson that she must not accept the year's condition that she should not adopt the imperial family name. The august monarch wrote, at the same time, in the same way, to his brother,



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

Such intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are

glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.

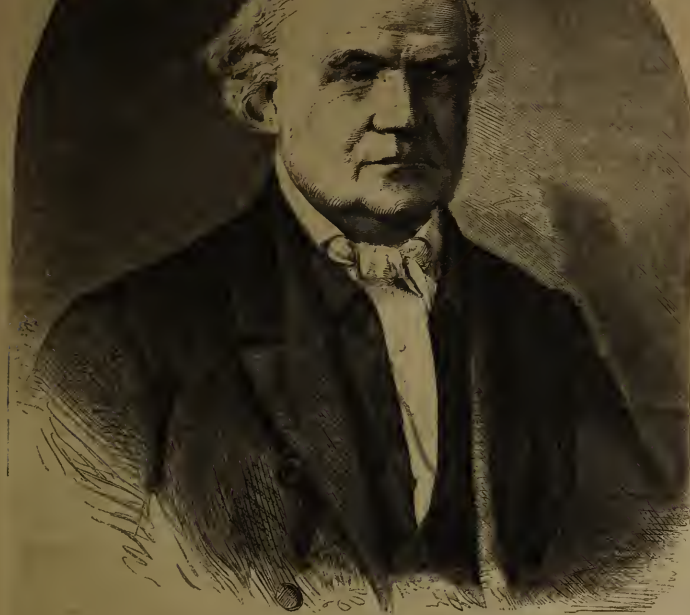
We publish herewith a picture of the good-by waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they

steamed past in the *Marion*, on 3d inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the *Marion*:

"On Sunday, the 3d inst., as the steamer *Marion* was pro-



GOOD-BY TO SUMTER—FEBRUARY 3, 1861.



THE LATE REV. DR. MURRAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIDGEMAN AT LAWRENCE'S GALLERY.]

reading down Charleston harbor, bound for New York, and having on board among the passengers the wires—about twenty in number—and children belonging to the soldiers stationed in Fort Sumter, a somewhat exciting scene occurred. On starting the fort the whole garriote was seen, mounted on the top of the ramparts, and when the ship was passing fired a gun and gave three heart-shrilling cheers as a parting farewell to the dear loved ones on board, whom they may possibly never meet again this side the grave.

The response was weeping and "waving adieu" to husbands and fathers. A small boat put up in an isolated fort, and completely surrounded by instruments of death, as five feet could be seen from the steamer's deck, with their guns pointing toward Sumter.

"As the ship proceeded on her voyage, the earnest prayer of many sympathizing hearts on board was that no millions would ever take place between these men, so hotly arrayed against each other, but who are in reality brothers."

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which occurred on the 4th of February, 1861, is a loss to the Church and the world. We present his portrait in this paper, and desire to record, in a few words, our sense of his worth and his greatness, and our personal sorrow in the decease of a valued correspondent and a beloved friend.

He was a native of Ireland, and largely endowed with the finest qualities peculiar to the noblest sons of the Emerald Isle. His warm and glowing heart, his genial humor, his sparkling wit, the ready repartee, the enthusiastic temperament, the generous disposition, were the natural traits of character that made him the best of company and the most constant of friends.

He was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1802. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, and young Nicholas was put into a store to begin, almost without education, the struggle and labors of life. At the early age of twelve he was keeping a set of books in a store in Dublin. Inspired by the reports from America to believe that his chances of success would be greater here, he came to this country in 1818, and immediately found employment in the establishment of Harper & Brothers, and a home in the family of his employers. While here, he was brought into such associations and under such influences as led him to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been brought up, and to embrace the Presbyterian faith, of which Dr. Syring was—and is the pastor.

While at work at the printing press he commenced study in preparation for the ministry. In connection with a fellow-apprentice, now the Rev. T. C. Oakley, of Cold Spring, New York, he entered Williams College, under the Presidency of the distinguished Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, and graduated with honor in 1826; and afterward pursued a thorough course of theological study at the

Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After a few months of itinerant service in connection with the American Tract Society, he was settled over two churches in Wyoming Valley, Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania. His remarkable pulpit talents and his high promise attracted attention, and in 1835 he was called and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, one of the largest churches in the Presbyterian denomination. Here he spent the remainder of his life, twenty-eight years of eminent usefulness, untiring labor, and the most enviable of human distinction—a career marked by ceaseless devotion to the best interests of his people and the highest good of the human family. The various institutions of Christian benevolence called him to their councils, and he served them with self-denying activity. The cause of education in the Church and in the State was an object to which he gave constant attention; and colleges, seminaries, and schools found him an appreciating director, supporter, and friend.

In the year 1847 he addressed a series of letters to Bishop Hughes, the distinguished prelate at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York. These letters first appeared in the New York Observer, and were extensively reprinted in other papers, languages, and lands. They presented the history of the writer's progress from Romanism to Protestantism, and examined the reasons for adhering to the Church of Rome. The vigorous style, the genial humor, biting sarcasm, anecdotes, incidents, illustration, argument, and appeals blended so harmoniously as to give them a popularity perhaps without a parallel in religious literature.

The first series was followed by a second and third. The *non de plume* of the writer, KIRWAN, could not conceal the New Jersey divine, and his name became familiar in all Christian lands. Crossing a ferry in Scotland the boatman approached him, and saying he had been told by some one on board that he was from America, asked "If he had ever seen a man by the name of Kirwan there?" He had been reading his letters to Bishop Hughes, and would like to hear about the author.

Dr. Murray made two or three journeys in Europe, seeking relaxation from his arduous labors, and gathering materials for those contributions which he gave to the press. His letters have been collected in volumes, and are published under the following titles: "Letters to Bishop Hughes"; "Romanism at Home"; "Men and Things in Europe"; "American Principles on National Prosperity"; "Parish and Other Pendings"; "The Happy Home."

On Friday, February 1, he was attacked by neuralgia in the chest; the distress continued without awakening serious apprehensions until Monday the 4th, in the evening when a sudden attack of it, under intense pain, gave him warning that his hour had come. "My work is done," he said; and giving his dying counsel to his family, send-

ing messages to absent friends, commending those he loved, his church, and his country, and his own spirit to the God whom he served, he lifted up his hands, pronounced a parting blessing on all around him, and with all the calmness and composure of one "lying down to pleasant dreams," he fell asleep.

In person Dr. Murray was a model of middle age; of middle height, broad chest and shoulders, with a round ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, and benevolent, pleasant expression of countenance, his appearance was at once attractive and commanding. In conversation, overabundant with humor, he was the soul of good company. As a pastor he was always at work, ready at every call; in the chamber of sickness, in the homes of the poor, among the young—everywhere he was a friend, and always a welcome guest. His preparations for the public were made with the greatest care, his sermons being completed as if for the press, and often far in advance of the time when they were to be delivered.

His funeral was attended on Friday, February 8, with every demonstration of respect and affection that could be paid by the most affectionate people. All the places of business in the city were closed. The bells of all the churches tolled in concert as the procession walked the streets. A hundred clergymen wept over his lifeless clay. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced in the

church that was draped in mourning and crowded to its utmost capacity by a mourning congregation. His remains were laid in the yard adjoining the church, in the midst of his children and his beloved flock.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the

ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Kays, Wood Street, Chancery, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was unreasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of everything; otherwise, while I was seared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and sticky.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "Just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles, while I observed the coachman beginning to get down as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted MR. JAGGERS.

"How much?" I asked the coachman. "The coachman answered, 'A shilling—unless you wish to make it more.'"

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to go into trouble. I know him!" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve my mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand, and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip. "Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velvet waist and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his shirt as I was being interpreted in the journal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mr. Pip," said the clerk. "I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone."

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the light eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-



"YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL, HOW DARE YOU TELL ME THAT?"

First, he took the two secret men.
"Now, I have nothing to say to you,"
Mr. Jaggars, throwing his finger at them,
want to know no more than I know. As to
result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the
it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?
"We made the money up this morning,"
said one of the men, "but" —
pernased Mr. Jaggars's face.

"What? You WILL, will you?"
 ("Spooney!" added the clerk again, with
 other str.)

"Why, you're a regular examiner!" said Wemmick, looking at me with an approving nod. "Yes, I know him. I know him!"

"Pray come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "Allow me to lead the way. I am rather here, but I hope you'll be able to make out erably well till Monday. My father the you would get on more agreeably through-morrow with me than with him, and might



FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA.—LOOKING SEAWARD. FORT M'RAE IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. LIEUTENANT GILMAN, JUST ARRIVED FROM PENSACOLA.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



PORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS (KEY WEST), FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS.

The following extract from a letter from K. W. C. describes the reinforcement of Fort Jefferson by the Joseph Whitney:

"It was on the 15th of January that the Joseph Whitney was decry'd by two containing possession of the fort. The steamer did not show any flag and her motions were so bold as to incense anxiety. Captain Michie and his small band of laborers, composed of about fifty persons (a part of whom were negroes), were in putting the fort in a state of defence. No time was being from the fort, and the steamer's company was far from certain that the insurgents had not surprised

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

poor worn blanket drawn around his

CHAPTER

it askan' and afterward remarked to the crowd: "That the missus hadn't no reason in her at sendin' sich cart-load of things to east." And she said cook, being in a severe mood, echoed the sentiment: "Jest like her, sendin' you out where the moon shinin' and she punched the gamester was preparing for the fire viciously. Small difference it would have made to Mrs. May at that moment what their views might be. She was full of self-reproaches to heed them; and afterward dispatched the messenger and received Mrs. More's heart-felt thanks, she did what just as warm-hearted, careless little woman would be to do—the "had a good cry" and "wiped her eyes."

CHAPTER I

The glittering ice on every bush, the very red
white and pure, and far off the shining ice of
the nape Pond.

Then breakfast—and away the two girls started
for a walk on the hard snow, to plan out walks to
sleighridges and skating parties innumerable; and
the boys, too, the swimming-room of the mill, with
no sign of life broken the faithful agent was
supposed to be there on all occasions.

The said young gentleman was at that moment
about arming himself for a hunting expedition
after which he proposed to hire a team and proceed
to the next town for a pleasure excursion, and
all he lifts out of the morning's work was to
the mill, and the mill, and the mill, and the mill,
a few hands engaged in some minor operations of
the stoppage of the big wheel, which was
fast fettered by the thick ice. The knowledge



LIEUT. SLEMMER, U.S.A., COMMANDING FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A DAGUERROTYP.—(SEE PAGE 123.)]



DAVIS AND STEPHENS, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

THE accompanying portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens will introduce to our readers the newly-elected President and Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Alabama, on 22d February.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the new President, was born in Kentucky about 1806, and is consequently about 54 years old. Having migrated to the Territory of Mississippi, with his father, when a boy, he owed to President Monroe the favor of being admitted at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1828. He was lucky enough to be employed on active service at once, under Colonel (afterward President) Z. Taylor, and served throughout the Black Hawk War. His capture of the chief Black Hawk, and the friendship which sprang up between him and his prisoner, are among the most romantic episodes of the history of the war. In 1835, having married a daughter of General Taylor, he settled down on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and acquired some wealth. In 1845 he was elected to Congress from that State; but at the outbreak of the Mexican War he resigned his seat in Congress, volunteered, raised a regiment in Mississippi, of which he was Colonel, and accompanied General Taylor in his campaign, distinguishing himself signally at Buena Vista. In 1848 he was chosen to the United States Senate. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate to run for Governor of Mississippi, as the representative of the disunionist party, but was handsomely defeated by Mr. Foote, the Union candidate. In 1853 he entered the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce as Secretary of War, and held the office till the election of Mr. Buchanan. He then accepted the seat in the Senate which he filled till the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession. He was recently chosen by the Montgomery Convention First President of the Southern Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Davis is a very gentlemanly man, with a suddenly learning, and rather stern manners; as a speaker he is fluent, clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, the Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, was born in Georgia on 11th February, 1812, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. In his youth he was poor, and owed his education to the kindness of friends. In 1834 he took his position at the Georgia bar, and instantly gave proof of the talents which have since led him to be considered the "strongest man in the South." In 1848 he

was elected to Congress as a Whig; but at the dissolution of the Whig party he acted with the democracy of the South, and soon became their leader in Congress. He remained in Congress till the election of 1858, when he refused to be a candidate any longer, and withdrew—as he supposed—from public life. Mr. Stephens is a remarkable example of what energy may do for a man. He has all his life been a martyr to disease, and has never weighed over ninety-six pounds. His voice is shrill, and at first quite unpleasant to the ear; but his eloquence is so sure and practical, and his judgment so reliable, that, wherever he is, he is sure to be a leader. He was a warm opponent of the secession movement in Georgia.

THE BLACK SPOT.

There was much mirth in Hong Kong. The hall at the club-rooms in Victoria Town eclipsed those which the governor and the chief justice, and the 117th in their white-washed mess-room, and the admiral on board his gayly lighted flagship, had given during the past fortnight. Beyond comparison—the belle of the ball-room—was the beautiful Mrs. G.—a fair young wife, almost a bride, who had just come out from England with her husband, Captain G.—the junior captain of the Rifles. All the ensigns and middles, and half the lieutenants, naval and military, to say nothing of the paroled young gentlemen in mercantile houses, were fairly raving about the angelic stranger. The foolish boys devoured her with their eyes, and wrote sonnets to her eyebrows, for aught I know, and she never moved along the little parade at land-time without an overwhelming escort, but no one ever said that Georgie was not worthy of the good luck he had found, and the great prize he had drawn in the lottery matrimonial—be, the "best fellow" in the service. On this night Mrs. G.—was in the highest spirits, and walked, and flirted, well to all appearances, and was the very centre of attraction—the target of all eyes. Georgie, who knew her too well to be easily made jealous, was in very good spirits, too; so



LIEUT. GILMAN, U.S.A., OF THE GARRISON AT FORT PICKENS.—[FROM AN AMBROTYPE.—(SEE PAGE 123.)]

were most people. Mrs. G.— went through dance after dance, as the band played on with admirable taste and spirit, and still partners buzzed about her, and her little ivory memorandum-book was as filled with writing as a bank ledger.

When she entered the tea-room on one occasion, early in the evening, the old compendiar Ching-Lung, who presided over the waiters, and was steward of the club, started as he looked keenly at the beautiful "Fankew" lady. She passed by him, repressing, good-naturedly, a smile at his outlandish dress and figure. He stared after her with seeming rudeness or curiosity, and then gave a grunt, and wheeled off to his vocations. Several officers noticed this, but Ching was a character, and no one asked what he meant, or if he meant any thing. It was an hour or more before Mrs. G.— left the ball-room again. This time she entered the supper-room, leaning on her partner's arm. While the latter procured her some refreshment, the old Chinaman hovered near, looked sharply at the fair "barbarian," and then drew back with a muttered remark in his native tongue. Mrs. G.— never noticed him. Two minutes after, Ching-Lung was seen in close confabulation with the doctor of the Rifles, a sensible, experienced surgeon, who had been three years in Hong Kong, who had served on the medical staff in the old war, and who was regarded as the chief professional authority on the island. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. He seemed much disturbed as Ching took him by the lapel of his coat, and whispered some communication. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, and the door-way of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G.— The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a

young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health, and gaiety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lip, with a brow that knit with a spasm of involuntary society? Smoothing his ruffled brow, the doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G.—, and looked full and steadily on her face. She looked surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Captain G.— was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Georgie aside; they were old friends; and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said Georgie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue Beard you would make me turn out, doctor! She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and I can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why should she go, you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged as a favor that Captain G.— would take Mrs. G.— home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G.— was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.



My companion was not talkative, he was a quiet, almost depressed man, who had led a very unquiet and uneventful life, little service to his comrades; so that he did not offer me the occasion I sought for of saying saucy and sneering things of the world at large. Indeed, the first observation I made of him was, that he looked as though he ought to be interesting to Irishmen, since an ancient schism of St. Patrick marked the spot of the convent to which he was approaching. No remark could have been more fitting, or to look into the past, one ought to have some vista of the future. Who can sympathize with by-gones when he is contending the minutes that are to make him one of them? Well, here that old Rittmeister, with his antiquities, and how I hated him as he said, "If your time was not so limited, I had taken you over to St. Gallen to inspect the manuscripts." He felt choking as he uttered these words. "How many times to limited?" I did not dare to ask. Was he barbarous enough to mean that if I had another day to live I could have passed it pleasantly in turning over musty minutes in a monastery?

At last we came to a halt in a little grove of pines, and he said, "Have you any address to give me of friends or relatives, or have you any special directions to any subject?" "You made a remark," he said, "that Herr Rittmeister," said I, "reminded me at the moment produce the profound impression upon you that subsequent reflection has enforced. You said something about a young man, and I thought that his antagonist was the son of a practicing chemist and apothecary."

"That I could have put off this sort of true enough, but when you told me that alternative, and insisted on satisfaction, I myself, as your countryman, gave the guarantee for your rank, which nothing will now make me retract. Understand me well—nothing will make me retract."

"You are pleased to be precipitate," said I, with an attempt to sneer; "my remark had no other object, and that was my personal disqualification to obtain a meeting under a false pretense."

"Make your mind easy on that score. It will be all precisely the same in about an hour hence."

"I nearly fainted as I heard this. It seemed as though cold steam of water ran through my spine and paralyzed my very marrow inside."

"You have your choice of weapons," said he, curtly; "which are you best at?"

"I am best at the sword," said I, "but I was ashamed, and yet should a man sacrifice life for a false modesty; while I reasoned thus, he pointed to a group of officers close to the garden wall of the convent, and said,

"They are all waiting round, let us hasten on."

If I had been mortally wounded, and was dragging my feeble limbs along to rest them forever on some particular spot, I might have, probably, allowed my progress to be somewhat slow. The slightest inequality of ground tripped me, and I stumbled at every step.

"You are cold," said my companion, "and I should be pleased to see you in a better state of health. He gave me his brandy flask, and I finished it off at a draught. Blessings be on the man who invented alcohol! all the ethics that ever were written can not show the same miracle in the use of this element as I have seen in all the wonders of chemistry, and what are to me the simple fact that two-pennyworth of cognac can convert a coward into a hero?"

was not quite sure that my antagonist had not resorted to the use of aid, for he seemed as light-hearted and as jolly as though he was out for a picnic. There was a jauntiness, too, in the way he took out his cigar and lit it, and in the way he looked at me, and quite struck me, and I should like to have imitated it if I could.

"If it's the same to you take the sabre, it's his weaker weapon," whispered Rittmeister in my ear, and I agreed. And now there was a sort of commotion about the choice of the ground and the places, in which my friend seemed to stand by me most manfully. Then he uttered a command, and I saw a flash, and a fierce comparison of weapons. I did not know how many were not thrust into my hand, one saying, "Take this, it is well balanced in the wrist, or if you like a heavy guard, here's your choice."

"To me, this is a matter of perfect indifference," said I, jauntily. "All weapons are alike."

"He will attack fiercely, and the moment the word is given," whispered the Rittmeister, "so be on your guard; keep your hit full before you, or he'll slice off your nose before you are aware of it."

"Be not so sure of that till you have seen my sword play," said I, fiercely; and my heart swelled with a fierce sentiment that must have been courage, for I never remember to have felt like that before. I knew I must brave at the moment, for if, by one word, I could have averted the combat, I would not have uttered it.

"To your places," cried the umpire, "and on your guard!" I re-echoed I, wildly, while I gave a mad flourish of my weapon round a figure that threw the whole company into a roar of laughter; and, at the same instant, two figures, one of which I saw to be the antagonist, came, and, baring their way through the crowd, fell upon me with the most frantic embraces, amidst the louder laughter of the others. Oh shame and loathsome degradation! I was a man, and I was a coward. It was Väterchen who now grasped my neck, and Tintenfleck who clung round my knees and kissed me repeatedly.

From the time of the Loosoon on our ever

struggled to free himself as I did, but all in vain—my efforts, impeded by the sword, left I might be unwillingly moved, were all fruitless, and we rolled round and round and inextricably commingled and struggling.

"Was I right?" cried the prince. "Was I right in calling this fellow a salimbouque? See him now! He has made a grand stride around him, and say if I was mistaken."

"How is this?" whispered the Rittmeister. "Have you dared to deceive me?"

"I had deceived you once," said I, trying to rise, and I poured forth the current of my own coherent eloquence, as the mirth of my audience seemed to imply; but, fortunately, Väterchen had not observed my hearing, and was dealing in very fluent language the nature of the relations between us. Poor old fellow, in his boundless gratitude I seemed more than human; and his praises actually shamed me to hear him. How I had first reason to be comforted in the strain of one assisted by the gods in classic times, his description made me of a sort of Jove coming down a rosy cloud to suffer suffering humanity; and then came in Tintenfleck with her broken words, and, unreluctantly, as by action, "as she poured forth the heap of gold upon the grass and said it was all mine!"

Wonderful matter, to be sure, for enforcing conviction on the mind of one so determined as I, and so far more impressive than any vocal persuasion. The very clink of it implies that the real and the positive are in question, not the imaginary and the negative. "This is all his!" cried she, pointing to the treasure with the air of one showing Aladdin's cave, and though her speech was not very intelligible Väterchen, the "light" ran underneath and explained the text.

"I hope you will forgive me. I trust you will be satisfied with my apologies, made thus openly," said the prince, in the most courteous manner. "I am sure that your sense of the magnanimity can scarcely be wanting in such a species of generosity." And ere I could well reply, I found myself shaking hands with every one, and every one with me; nor was the least pleasurable the mind of the Rittmeister, then displayed by the Rittmeister at the good issue of this event. I had great difficulty in resisting their resolution to carry me back with them to Bregenz. Unremembered were the plans and projects devised for my entertainment. Field sports, sham-fights, rifle-shooting, all were displayed attractively before me; and it was clear that, if I accepted their invitations, I should be treated with the most favored guest. But I was firm in my refusal; and, pleading a pretended necessity to be at a particular place by a particular day, I started once more, taking the road with the "aghahs," who now seemed bound to me by an indissoluble bond, at least so Väterchen assured me by the most emphatic of declarations, and that do with him what I might, he was my slave till death.

"Who is ever completely happy?" says the sage; and with too good reason is the doubt expressed. Here, one might suppose, was a situation abounding with the most pleasurable incidents. To have escaped a duel, and come out with honor and glory, and to have returned not only my missing money, but to have my suspicions relieved as to those whose honest name was dear to me, and whose discredit would have darkened many a bright hope of life—these were not small advantages. I shrank to own it—my delight in them was dashed by an incident so small and insignificant that I have scarce courage to recall it. Here it is, however. While I was taking a cigar, and a well of my military friends, hand-shaking and protesting interminable friendships, I saw, or thought I saw, the prince, with even a more affectionate warmth, making with me to Tintenfleck. If he had been a man actually reaching his waist, there was certainly a white leather carrying glove curiously attached to her side, and one of her cheeks was deeper colored than the other. "I do not care for this," said I, "I am not interested in the matter." "And that was never to forget him till then—never."

"How did you come by this brooch, Tintenfleck? I never saw it before."

"Oh, it is no new thing, it is a violet; and these leaves, though green, are all gold."

"Answer me, girl, who gave it thee?" said I, in the voice of Othello.

"What I sell?" said she, and she, sorrowfully.

"On the spot—confess it!"

"It was one who bade me keep it till he should bring me a prettier one."

"I do not care for what he said, or what you promised. I want the name of the man."

"And that I was never to forget him till then—never."

"Do you say this to irritate and offend me, do you prostrate out of shame?" said I, angrily.

"Shame!" repeated she, haughtily. "Ay, shame or fear, or of whom?"

"Or fear? Fear of what, or of whom?"

"You are very daring to ask me. And now, for the last time, Tintenfleck—for the last time, I say, who gave you this?"

As I said these words we had just reached the borders of a little rivulet, over which we were to cross by stepping-stones. Väterchen was, as usual, some distance behind, and now calling to us to wait for him. She turned at his cry, and answered him, but made no reply to me.

This continued defiance of me overcame my temper altogether, sorely pushed as it was by a stupid jealousy, and seizing her wrist with a strong grasp, I said, "I have heard you say, 'I must give your answer to my question or—'"

"Or what?"

"That we part here, and forever."

"With all my heart. Only remember one

thing," said she, in a low, whispering voice; "you left me once before—you quitted me, in a moment of temper, just as you threaten it now. Go, if you will, or if you must; but let this be our last meeting and last parting."

"It is as such I mean it—good-by!" I sprang on the stepping-stone as I spoke, and at the same instant a glittering object flashed into the stream close to me. I saw it, just as one might see the lustre of a trout's back as it rose to a fly. I don't know what demon set where my heart ought to have been, but I pressed my eyes, and went on without turning my head.

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